

GNOSIS: APOCRYPHON 8/12

So each and every one of them then gave
A little something from his psychic pouch,
And made an entity from out themselves,
Each adding layer on layer of plastic stuff,
Along the lines of what they had just seen.
Thus a reflection creaturely became,
And looked just like the sole original,
The perfect Anthropos. And then they said,
'Now let us call him Adam, that his name
May light our high road to imperium.'
And so this wondrous work, this body came
About - not yet of flesh, but harbouring
A vital force that tapped the secrets of
Their universe, their sevenfold harmony,
Encapsulated microcosmically
In sense and a potential agency.
And yet there was some what in short supply:
The thing had no vocation to fulfil,
And thus no will to strive, and lay inert.
No aspiration graced each dawning day.
Sophia wanted to retrieve the power
Which she had given to her bastard son.
In innocence she came and humbly asked
The Mother-Father of transcendent All
Who is most merciful. And He decreed
That Gnosis should go down to that cold place
Where ignorance prevails. His mission was
To liberate the power from Saklas' breast -
Sophia's gift - by sowing in his mind
A seed of thought which he, unwittingly,
Would think his own, and thereby bring forth Life.